

WEEKLY



LADIES' MISCELLANY.

SATURDAY, February 26, 1803.

VOL. I.]

[No. 21.]

ONE PENCE.

TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,

TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART.

CENTRES. I cannot put together

bliss, or joy, or happiness, but
THE CRIMINAL.

From Leiden, December 1802.

(Concluded from the last.)

MEANWHILE the landlord stopped before the justice; the ludicrous spectacle had attracted the notice of the mob, and surrounded them in flocks about him. A general murmur arose, their point alternately at the steed and the rider; till at last the wantonness of the people ended in downright riot. The horse, at which every one pointed, unfortunately happened to be a stolen one; he imagined that the horse had been沙漠ized and was known. The wretched hospitality of the justice confirms him in his suspicion. Now he is fully persuaded, that the imposture of his passport is detected, and that the invitation is only a snare to catch him alive and without resistance. A bad conscience makes him a blockhead; he puts spurs to his horse, and gallops off without returning an answer to his master. Two or three shouting to stop him, sudden flight is the signal for pursuit; but he is too quick for them. Alarmed hue and cry is raised to stop thief; and every one fled after him. The life-and-death of the rider is at stake, he has already got the start of his pursuers, they pant breathless after him, he in now his delivery—but a heavy hand, presses invisible against

him, the hour of his fate is run, the inexorable Nemesis detains her debtor.

The street to which he had trusted himself has no outlet; he is obliged to turn upon his pursuers.

The noise of this affair in the meantime had put the whole town in commotion, crowds gather on crowds, every street is barricaded, a host of foes advances against him. He takes out a pistol, the populace falls back, he determines to open himself a way by force through the crowd. "I'll blow out that man's brains," cries he, "who is foolhardy enough to stop me." Fear commands a general pause—a resolute journeyman smith at last lays hold of his arm from behind, misses the finger, with which frame with dispair he was just going to draw the trigger, and thrusts it out of joint. The pistol falls, the defenceless wretch is torn from his horse, and dragged back in triumph to the justice.

"Who are you fellow?" asked the judge, a somewhat harsh tone of voice.

"A man, who is resolved to answer no questions, until they are more civilly asked."

"Who are you then?"

"For what I passed myself. I have travelled through all Germany, but such rude impertinence as I have met with here, is to be found nowhere."

"Your hasty flight renders you very suspicious. Why did you fly?"

—did in nowise touch me; I am a honest man, and my language and manners are good, and I have no fault to find with my conduct."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you are a villain."

"I am not a villain."

THE VISITOR,

'made a noise, I cannot set you at liberty, without infringing my duty. Appearances are against you, I wish you could say something to me by which they might be contested.'

"But if I knew nothing?"

"Then I must state the case to government, and you remain so long in custody."

"And then?"

"Then you run the danger of being whipped over the frontiers as a vagrant, or if they deal graciously with you, they will force you to enlist."

He was for some moments silent, and appeared to have a severe conflict with himself; then he turned boldly towards the judge.

"Can I be a quarter of an hour alone with you?"

The jury looked at each other in a doubtful manner, but retired on a commanding wink from their superior.

"Now what is your request?"

"Your behavior of yesterday, sir, would never have brought me to a confession, for I set force at defiance. The delicacy with which you have treated me this day, has inspired me with confidence and respect towards you.—I believe that you are a man of honor."

"What have you to say to me?"

"I see that you are a man of honor. I have long wished for such a man as you. Allow me your right hand."

"What is the use of all this? The head is grey and reverend, you have lived long in the world—have had perhaps sorrows enough of your own—is it not so? and are become more inclined to pity the misery of your fellow-creatures?"

"Sir, what is the meaning of this?"

"You are now on the bench of eternity, soon—soon will you yourself stand in need of mercy from God. You will not refuse it to men—have you no idea of what I am going to say? With whom do you suppose you speak?"

"What is all this? You frighten me!" to "Have you still no idea—write to your prince, in what state you found me, and that I was myself from free choice my betrayer—may God hereafter be merciful to him, as he will presently be to me—entreat his pity in my behalf, father, and let a tear fall on your report;—I am the landlord of the sun,"

"so as to give me time to think in the way best suited to my w^o."

The Student. No. IV.

Esquisses d'un étudiant.

Consultant dans les salles d'Horace.

Hold me in your service.

Deep scienc'd in the mazy labyrinths of mad philosophy.

CONCLUDING any farther apology as superfluous, I subjoin the second letter of my good friend Hobgoblicus.

MR. STUDENT, YALESEIM SE

As you dealt so gently with my last lucubration, I have ventured a continuation of the subject, determined that no part of my labors in that way shall perish to me. As to your censures, I cannot but consider them just, and I feel not the least pain of the long span paragraph with which you were pleased to honor even my errors.

In my last I proved from reason and from fact, the existence of a good and evil genius; pointed out their respective employments, and but for the want of every thing but pen, ink, paper and time, would before this have illuminated the word with the compleat history of these newly discovered deities. I can scarce hold my pen for rapture. Mr. Omega, when I think of the blessings which my speculations are about to shower on mankind—How they will enlarge the basis of virtuous principle, and extend the limits of useful science! How they will clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and shed around the dark dwelling of distress a beam of celestial consolation. And, "Oh, ye gods! to think that my name will be echoed by succeeding ages, as the champion of philosophy, the father of benevolence, and the advocate of intellectual, dignified and freedom! But my feelings are getting the better of my philosophy. I must therefore throw by my pen for a moment to indulge in these transporting images

Once more (thanks to a cold bath) I am *Hobgoblicus* the *Philosopher*; and least I should fall again into one of those enthusiastic *swests*, I'll immediately to the subject. I must now enter into an enquiry respecting the essence, and local relations of these rival beings—an enquiry which derives much of its importance, from the impossibility of coming at the truth. Could the idea of visibility and tangibility, be detached from corporal matter? Should be inclined to consider them as such.

But more than one objection arises to this supposition. Were they of a terrestrial order, as their stations are contiguous to the person, we would be constantly in danger of catching them, and besides, their perpetual opposition must sometime lead them to blows, in which case we would be placed between two fires, to the infinite annoyance of our head and ears. You will also recollect sir, that in delineating their respective characters, I considered them as capable of transforming themselves into any shape, and animating even the inert mass of a watchman or a lamp-post. They must therefore be considered as spiritual, such as the *Faries* of old; who it is said could skip through a key-hole, or dance on the corners of the moon.

It remains now to determine their local relations to the human frame. And this appears, to me however impracticable, to be an enquiry of great and intrinsic moment. Because, could we ascertain with precision, the posts which they respectively occupy, we might always shun the ill-disposals of the one, and embrace the favors of the other. Now this we are forced to grope through a life of impenetrable darkness, and in every misfortune that befalls us, to find our nose longer than our arms. Some have been of opinion that they are seated on the shoulders, for the greater convenience of whispering their counsels at the ears. The advocates of this opinion, I have no hesitation in saying, have often set an unseemly cap on that capital part of the body. Another class contend that the nose being the most prominent, is their most probable situation. These no doubt are blessed with moving noses, and therefore for a very good reason, suppose their evil genius to be seated in that eminence. Others again in the eyes, because they are often favored with the sight of long bills, and empty noses! All however agree that they sit somewhere in the vicinity of the head, that being the metropolis of folly, and the winter-quarters of misfortune. For my own part, I have not been able as yet, to reduce my notions on this branch of the subject to any degree of certainty: and yet I do not despair. Speculation indeed disdains the beaten way, and bounds with one majestic effort into regions where genius calls into action all her powers, and the imagination may wander in unconstrained license; but should non-triumph over every obstacle—No

truth however inconsistent with the mass
of things; but seldom so impervious
to observation, but must unfold itself in
time to the labors of research. I there-
fore will cherish the expectation that
some future day will enable me to reach
the climax of my publick services, by ac-
complishing the entire investigation of
this subject. The world of the pre-
sent age, whose zeal will the service of
humanity leads them to forego the very
light of bravery and debav themselves
in the artificial night of their chivalry,
from all intercourse but that of *malice*
and *pride*; who still the wretched
other, than flying vehicles oxygen
kindled, and in whose opinion this *scenic*
and *glorious* the rich and populous land
of Arabia—say these worthies *hallowing*
with trap-sports research so congenial
to their own, and the importance its
consequence to the cause in which they
have embarked; and *hollyhocks* will
not remain long unseconded, on the lists
of *speculations*.

Ideas rush upon me in swarms—I
could pursue the subject *ad infinitum*,
I could trace the many errors which
unskillful enquiry has fallen into in the
consideration of it; and what fatal incon-
sistencies those errors have introduced
into the immediate system of specula-
tion: with a thousand other topics no
less interesting to the reader, and intri-
cate with no less benefit to mankind—but at
this moment I think I hear the voice of
my good *genius* in my ear—*Stop!*
stop! for God's sake stop! said said

an old man *PHOBODOLICUS*!
I cannot part with my good philoso-
pher of the star-chamber without ex-
pressing my admiration of his art. In
putting *98* to the *99* of *hatred* he
Never gave I read a more *harmonious*
sentence, than that in which he consoled
himself with the idea, that his errors
are honored by my attention. At first
indeed I found it difficult to conceive
how the attention which I had bestowed
could be thought honorable, but on the
whole it was so grateful to my feelings,
that I immediately mustered all of the
gentlemen I could, and scratched my
head an hour or two for an acknowledg-
ment of the favor. I beg him there-
fore rather to consider his excellencies
of such magnitude as to outweigh the
greatest of his errors, and vastly to
overpower the feeble animadversions of

From my elbow-chair to be desired
Sylvester Hall to simple old men

ON DIVERTING CRIMES *163*

I KNOW not," said Cento, "any
thing so weak, vain, and contemptible,
as those fantastic creatures called
Women; who, fond of themselves,
endeavor to please with no other view
than to exert a tyrannic power over the
weak wretch who has fallen into their
captive nets. I say weak wretch, for
their arts and their alluring arts are all
lost upon men of sense; who, like Es-
op's swallow, break through the web
wrought to entrap them, without being
sensible that thy such attempt was made
upon their liberty. A woman, if she
endeavor to please her, immediately
proves that you have undertaken to wash
the Ethiopian white—you may as well
undertake to make a coat to fit the moon,
which is always changing; and if you
neglect or cross her, she is as loud as a
Turkish drum, as boisterous as a north-
east wind, and as revengeful as a distur-
bed nest of hornets. To embellish them-
selves, and deprecate others, are their
chief studies; they are a composition of
vanity and ill-nature; they are a very
paradox, covetous and extravagant.—
In a word, they are so great a nuisance,
so great an obstacle to the happiness of
the world, that if a certain philosopher,—that it would have been
a great happiness, if the gods had found
out some other means for continuing
our species. Of what mischiefs have
they not been productive!—how many
states have they subverted!—how many
noble enterprises have they rendered
abrupt!—how many—, marks of
honor and titles, given in his absence to
Helen! Cento interrupted him, by
saying, "Cento, absquat and disgraced
nature! warn you, that you are up-
on us. You indeed look upon us as very
weak creatures; but at the same time
you are going to prove us a grisly bear
superior to that lord-like ornament of
the creation. You yourself have
counted the amiss, and apprehended
the flaws, of this despicable part of the
creation; and I have seen you as much
upon your guard before Rosinda, as if
your life depended, in earnest (as you
have often protested,) upon her good
opinion of you. But, not to digress from
the subject you were upon—the con-
tempt of the evils which our sex have
occasioned: to what are they owing,
but to the absolute dominion which we

exercise over you?—such, that hardly
is there any greater or even trifling chal-
lenge which is now animated by some
woman: a woman either gives birth to;
carries on, or concludes the most nota-
ble. If, then, we are so weak, and
therefore contemptible, are not you
equally or more despicable, for that
weakness which you discover towards
us? We can influence the designs of
the deepest politicians; and history can
show you men who would sacrifice their
country, their honor, their conscience,
to purchase the approbation of a woman.
Philosophers will discard their
severity to gain the smiles of a woman.
A woman can disarm the greatest hero;
and, what is still more, a woman can
make the covetous prodigals to make
him lavish his gold who paid the price
of his soul to obtain it. One look from
a woman shall make that man tremble
whose frowns would strike terror in
whole nation; her eyes can triumph over
the most fixed resolves; and by a
tender glance prove too strong for habi-
tual virtue. When once a woman has
possession of the heart of a man, he
will hesitate at nothing, regard nothing,
spare nothing, to content her; nay, be
absolute in our power, that we can
change the nature of yours; take from
you the sword, and give your hand with
a distaff; you are little better than ma-
chines, which we, by the springs of our
affection, can wind and turn as we flin-
gle; we can sink joy into grief, or
enliven the afflicted. Wit in woman that
polishes the rusticity of Nature, and
can make a beau of a sloven, a reason-
able man of a pedant, and the most indolent
assiduous. What man was ever
yet raised to that height of grandeur as
to think it below him to sue to woman? What
tongue ever refused her praise? As we have this empire over your sex,
you cannot pretend to hold us in con-
tempt; but at the same time you prove
that you are the most contemptible; you
satires and insectives are only to
many monuments of your abjection—
like a subdued nation, you may rail in
private at the weight of the yoke which
your conquerors have imposed, but you
will never be able to shake it off, while
you tremble at their sight. If Rosinda was
here, I should have the pleasure to hear
you repeat every word you have said.

But what advantages can you claim
over us? We have a strength of reason
equal to yours; we can attain the knowl-
edge of the most difficult arts and sci-

ences with at least an equal facility. — Indeed, you are of a more robust form; yet it is in our power to manage their strength to our boast; and the beauty of our sex is given to govern yours. You cannot vaunt a courage beyond ours. Your friendship or love is not so unalterable. Your virtue we can overthrow with a kind look, and our's will stand firm against all your seductiveness; you may vainly besiege us; neither time nor place and sacrifice will get the better of a virtuous woman. If, then, there is a difference between us, you must own it; it is gloriously on our side; as our resolution is far surpassing yours. We do not yield to you in any endowment of the mind; and such you confess we surpass you in the beauty of our form, without exception. It is but

"I know not by what herbaceous policy we were first debarred the improvements of our mind by study and our time employed about trifles; while your sex has every advantage of this kind: but I can impute it to your jealousy only. It is to this injustice of your sex that you ought to attribute the greater part of us being pleased with follies, and accustomed to utter them; but how many of your sex do we every day hear talk as idly, and say things which move the compassion of those who have a better use of their education? — Had we the same pains and care taken of us, we should find, in fancy, more excellent philosophers among the women than among the men. We have equalled the greatest among you, and have publicly taught those who have, under our care, become famous for their erudition; and you have among you a pretty happy number who can rival the most inconsiderable of ours in idleness, ignorance, affectation, dress, detraction and garrulity."

It was agreed that Climene had fairly proved that man was the weaker sex; and that the conclusion was undeniable — if weakness was the ground of contempt, we must consequently be the most contemptible of the two.

Cento, both confused and angry, said we were partial judges; that Olimeno argued from a principle which he denied, viz.—that they had no power to make fools of us, which was false; that if it was true in some particular, as in Marc Anthony, Alexander, Sampson, Solomon, and some others, which might make a parcel of us being ma-

tacked in drunken fits, ungraceful moments, and old age; that it was not just to conclude from particulars to generals. For his part, he never was nor ever would be a woman's machine; that he had, indeed, a regard for Rounds, but it proceeded rather from her masculine sense than female beauty, which did not pass the epidermis, and would be blown off with the revolution of a few suns; and to think otherwise of him would be entertaining as mean an opinion of his sense, as he had a contemptible one of those vain talking things, who have so great a dependence on the power of their own charms. Saying this, he left the room in a passion, which threw the company into a fit of laughter.

Why then, - the question arises, do not mankind in general, cultivate and encourage this heavenly principle? Why do they pursue ~~material~~ ^{spiritual} objects opposite to its dictates? Is it because they never felt its joyous influence, they never experienced the happiness of living in whose breasts dwell the delicate joys which virtue inspiring and inspiring in the course of their lives; or carried away in the sport of dissipation, they have little pleasure and less inclination to pursue more noble objects? Their ignoble souls deride the name of virtue, albeit conscious of its sacred origin and its benign effects.

Reverence of antiquity who perished
with universities under the desertif-
cating sword which fate always portends
will seek the pleasure in the memory of
him who distinguished himself from her despotism.

and enjoy in the practice of
virtue, where noble and ambitious pur-
suits, to which the virtues of wisdom
strength, & courage, are essential, are
not countervailed by ~~the~~ **WILLIAM**
~~desires of our fallen nature, who~~
~~wishes to be a~~
to mitigate vice and evil, and
MARSHAL ~~IN~~ **INSTANCIA** of

A NATIVE of Holland, who from his early youth had lived a rural life in the Dutch colony at the Cape of Good Hope; happened to be on horseback on the coast at the very point of time, that a vessel was shipwrecked by a dreadful tempest: the greatest part of the crew perished in the waves, the remainder were struggling with death on the shattered planks that still floated on the surface of the water: no boat could be sent off in such a dreadful storm for the deliverance of these poor people: the humane and intrepid Hollander undertakes to save them: ho flings bridle and spurs into the nostrils of his horse, and fixing himself firmly in his stirrups, he plunges into the sea, and gaining the wreck, brings back to the shore two men of the crew, each of whom held by one of his boots. In this manner he went and returned seven times, and thus saved fourteen of the passengers. But the eighth time (and here, the generous heart will almost fail) on his return, a rapid and immense surge overers his horse: the heroic rider drops his seat, and was swallowed up with the two unfortunate victims he was endeavoring to snatch from death. What exit could be more glorious than that of this generous man! We celebrate the chiefs who expire in the field of battle, among the victims they have been sacrificing, and if their motives are just and spirited, let them have their glory! but we cannot help contemplating with a more pleasing kind of admiration this intrepid man, dying in an attempt to save his fellow creatures from destruction.

THE HISTORY OF PITY.
A SENTIMENTAL FICTION.

"the happy period of the golden age,
when all the celestial inhabitants de-
scended to the earth, and conversed fa-
miliarly with mortals, among the most
cherished of the heavenly powers were
twins, the offspring of Jupiter; Lest and

Joy. Wherever they appeared, the flowers sprung up beneath their feet, the sun shone with a brighter radiance, and all nature seemed embellished by their presence. They were inseparable companions, and their growing attachment was favored by Jupiter, who had decreed that a lasting union should be solemnized between them so soon as they were arrived at mature years. But in the mean time the sons of men deviated from their native innocence, vice and ruin overran the earth with giant strides; and Astrea, with her train of celestial visitants, forsook their polluted abodes. Love alone remained, having been stolen away by Hope, who was his nurse, and conveyed by her to the forests of Arcadia, where he was brought up among the shepherds. But Jupiter assigned him a different partner, and commanded him to espouse Sorrow, the daughter of Até. He complied with reluctance; for her features were harsh and disagreeable, her eyes sunk, her forehead contracted into perpetual wrinkles, and her temples were covered with a wreath of cypress and wormwood. From this union sprung a virgin, in whom might be traced a strong resemblance to both her parents; but the sullen and unamiable features of her mother were so mixed and blended with the sweetness of her father, that her countenance, though mournful, was highly pleasing. The maids and shepherds of the neighboring plains gathered round, and called her Fury. A red-breast was observed to build in the cabin where she was born; and while she was yet an infant, a dove, pursued by a hawk, flew into her bosom. This nymph had a dejected appearance, but so soft and gentle to men, that she was beloved to a degree of enthusiasm. Her voice was low and plaintive, but inexpressibly sweet; and she loved to lie for hours together on the banks of some wild and melancholy stream, singing to her lute. She taught men to weep, for she took a strange delight in tears; and often, when the virgins of the hamlet were assembled at their evening sports, she would steal in amongst them, and captivate their hearts by her tales full of a charming sadness. She wore on her head a garland composed of her father's myrtles twisted with her mother's cypress.

One day, as she sat musing by the waters of Helicon, her tears by chance fell into the fountain; and ever since, the Muses' spring has retained a strong

taste of the infusion. Fury was commanded by Jupiter to follow the steps of her mother through the world, dropping balm into the wounds she made, and binding up the hearts she had broken. She follows with her hair loose, her bosom bare and throbbing, her garments torn by the briars, and her feet bleeding with the roughness of the path. The nymph is mortal, for her mother is so; and when she has fulfilled her destined course upon the earth, they shall both expire together, and Love be again united to Joy, his immortal and long-betrothed bride.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRA.

At the world's end, the Essex side of Gravesend.

To be sold at auction, by W. NEVERSELL;

On Monday the 32d instant,
The sale to begin at ten o'clock in the
afternoon.

Lot I. A copper cart saddle, a leather handsaw, two woolen frying pans, and a glass wheelbarrow.

Lot II. Three pair of pea-straw breeches, a china quarry cart, and two glass bestdads with copper hangings.

Lot III. One deal coal grate, with paper smokejack, a mahogany poker, and a pair of grave bellows.

Lot IV. One leather teakettle, an iron feather bed, six pair of brass boots, and a steel nightcap. Also, one pewter waistcoat, and three flint wigs, a bell-metal sieve, and a calimanco hogtough, a buckram warming pan, and a pewter looking-glass, a japan beestle, and a leather wedge; three silk hog-yokes, and a pinchbeck swill-tub, four sheep-skin milkpails, and a wheat-straw trameel, a lamb-skin, grindstone, and a mandarin hatchet, a pair of pewter pudding-bags, and a canvas gridiron, a dimity coal-scuttle, and three satin chamberpots, a wooden timber-chain, and a brass cart-rope.

Intemperance drives ~~out~~ out of the head, money out of the pocket, wine out of the bottle, ribbons out of the coat, and health out of the body.

FOR THE VISITOR.

ENIGMA.

YE juvenile wits this Enigma explore,
Bring the pen of a bard, who never ventur'd before,

To stalk forth in public and offer you rhymes
Much deficient in merit in these modern times;

But I hope for your candor, and base to pursue

The strange contradictions I offer to you.

I'm a Squire, a Pedlar or proud lofty Earl;

I'm a Lady of fashion, or poor Beggar Girl;

I'm a King or a Peasant, a Wit and a Clown,

A snug County Justice, or Merchant in Town;

I'm a Bear, I'm a Belle.—I'm an Emperor too;

A Turk, or an African, Christian and Jew;

A ruddy fac'd Vicar, a Miser or Doctor;

A Gamester, a Spendthrift: a Lawyer or Procuror;

A Sailor or Soldier that handles his gun,

A mountebank Doctor, railing his fun?

A frightful old Maid, or Termagant wife,

A Bachelor state; or I'm married for life;

And in searching me out, (should you chance to do so)

Perchance you may find me in Robinson Crusoe,

In short I'm a Poet that offers you rhymes,

And what you add, and we all are at home.

E. W. Broadway.

Our readers are challenged for a Solution.

ANECDOTES.

A LABORER'S daughter, who had

A been in service from her childhood, when weary, would be frequently wishing to be married, that, as she amphitheatrically termed it, she might rest her bones. Hymen at last listened to her prayers, and a neighbouring cloth-hopper led her to the altar, nothing loath. Sometime afterwards her late mistress, meeting her, asked her, "Well, Mary, have you rested your bones yet?" "Yes, indeed," (replied she with a sigh) "I have rested my jaw-bones."

Tis (verbosum) evicinum, and bold

od in am, illus, et am, T obols.

Soon after the institution of the Royal Society, King Charles II. sent a question for their discussion, "What was the reason why a dead fish was so much heavier than a living one?" Many wise treatises were accordingly written by the members of this learned body, to point out the physical reasons for this difference. At last, after the point had undergone a compleat discussion, it occurred to them to try the fact, when they discovered, to their no small mortification, that they were laughed at by the King, the living fish and the dead one, being exactly the same weight.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, February 26, 1803.

LIST OF DEATHS IN NEW YORK.

The city clerk reports the death of 32 persons during the week ending on the 19th inst. viz. of Consumption 5—Fits, 4—Inflammation 4—Small-pox 1—Hives 4—Dropsy 1—Drowned 1—not distinguished 21—Adults 19, Children 13. Total 32.

It has recently been discovered that an application of Turpentine to parts which have been burnt or scalded, is the most effectual mode of allaying pains, and lessening the effects of the injury.—The practice is now generally adopted by medical men, and is found preferable to any.

It has been found by experience, that a quantity of snow thrown into the well of a foul necessary, decomposes and carries off the offensive contents in its dissolution.

A petition from the citizens of New York, on the subject of their election of Charter officers, and remonstrance from the Corporation on the same subject, were on Tuesday the 1st, last, read in the house of Assembly of our state Legislature.

Died, this Morning (Monday) at 7 o'clock, Thomas Wignell, one of the Managers of the New-Theatre. In consequence of this event, the entertainments of the Theatre will be suspended until further notice.

Of Mr. Wignell, it may be truly observed, he was a man of an excellent disposition and benevolent heart. As a performer, his merit, though not towering, was far above mediocrity. In the arduous station of manager, his deportment was calculated to win and preserve the regard and esteem of those who were associated with him. To his duty to the public, he paid a scrupulous

and undeviating attention; and although in this particular he may not always have given general satisfaction, it was more owing to the imperious and unavoidable circumstances of his profession, than to any individual remissness. In private life he was esteemed for the correctness of his demeanor, the mildness of his temper, and the amiable qualities which inhabited his heart. To Mrs. Wignell, who is thus suddenly bereaved of a fond and indulgent husband and protector, this lamentable visitation is a severe affliction.—The public will sincerely condole with her on this melancholy event.

Philadelphia Gazette.

THEATRE TYMISTERIA.

THEATRICAL REGISTER

FOR 1803.

Public amusements are the best criterions of national taste and manners. They furnish an avenue to information, more immediate than experience, and more correct than the minutest enquiry. In a nation of rustics, agility and strength will form the ground-work of recreation; voluptuousness will riot in the grossest sensuality; superstition will seek amusements which partake of mystery and horror, and in spectacles of suffering and of contest, will consist the pleasures of a war-like people. Thus are the various distinctions of national character, marked by corresponding features in national relaxations, and the successive grades from the savage, to the citizen, distinguished by as many different colors, of the public taste.

In ages of science and refinement, it has ever been the care of those, in whose hands have been placed the legislative guardianship of a nation, to select amusements, which are equally remote from the crudeness of the peasant, the gloom of the devotee, the effeminacy of the voluptuary or the relentless ferocity of the soldier—amusements which neither misguide reason, nor enthrall intellect, which renovate the morals, while they amuse the fancy; and relieve the toil of business, without unsutting the mind for its pursuit—And such is the Stage—Antiquity has sanctioned it; it has survived the revolutions of opinion and of empires, as such, and successive ages have perpetuated in its existence, the sense of its virtues. In the highest stage of Augustan refinement, the The-

atre was the resort of the fashionable and the learned; it was the tribunal of genius and of taste—it received the patronage of the serious and the gay, the dexterous and the reverent; and vice paid her tribute to its merit, while she trembled at its satire. In the night of Gothic ignorance that followed, the stage fell an indiscriminate sacrifice in the ruins of science, and of virtue, and revived only when refinement again took place among the powers of Europe. Nor was the Theatre less honorably noticed, in that nation of philosophers and of poets, where Homer first kindled the enthusiasms of nature, and from which learning poured forth her treasures on the world. Its very existence for so long a period, is a proof of its merits, and its existence in ages of refinement only, and under the auspices of the wise and good, is a fact which supercedes the toll of argument, and silences the voice of mistaken prejudice. In vain are we told of its immoral tendencies, and of the ruin which it opens to youthful extravagance and dissipation; in vain does the voice of opposition anathematize its pleasures; that voice ceases to impress, when it is recollected that it is raised only against abuses of the institution, and execrates it only from a view of the distortions, into which perverse misapplication has thrown it. Such objections, would go to overturn the whole system of civil institutions, and mislead the wisest calculations of social economy. No, the tragic muse finds an advocate in every feeling bosom. The tear of sensibility will obliterate the hasty sentence of the bigot, and the voice of science and of taste, will drown the clamors of deluded prejudice. In the favorites of Cœsar are advocates no less strenuous and sincere, who laugh at such weak attempts, to depreciate their darling recreation.

However grateful may be the sacrifice to idle dissipation, that dissipation, in time becomes insipid. The mind will be weary at last, in an element so unlike her own. Surely the sensuality, itself, that amusement must prove a grateful change, which relieves from the tumult, while it is not without the charm of pleasure, which enriches the costume of wit and pleasure; which hushes reflection without violence to the heart, and which kills the memory of real in the participation of imaginary cares.

But to the temperate and the enlightened,

OR, LADIES' MISCELLANY.

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ened, what indulgence need be offered, greater, than a relaxation, in which are analized the follies and the vices of mankind; which softens the sensibilities, while it strengthens the disposition to virtue, and calls into exercise those sentiments which ennoble humanity, and confer the happiness of heaven on the circles which they actuate.

We have already taken occasion to express our regret that the theatrical entertainments of our city should be suspended from the want of public patronage. The torrent of dissipation was indeed found irresistible, and the only prospect of success was to wait till its strength had gone by. That period seems now to have arrived, and the Drama once more ventures to stem the current. Whether or not success will attend the effort, depends much on the bias of the respectable and the affluent.

To their neglect (if it ever should fall) the theatre will owe its ruin: for to them it looks for support—they are the standards of public imitation, and they should be the guardians of public virtue. It would indeed be a sad prospect to the friend of his country and of elegance, were polite amusements to be banished from our shores; and our Ladies, like those of Portugal and Spain, resort for entertainment to the Bull-ring or the Cock-fight—or yield an Italian devotion to the midnight masquerade or card-table.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 21.

VOICE OF NATURE, and COUNTRY HEIRESS. On the former of these pieces we have before remarked, nothing therefore need be added but that we were happy to see a flattering tribute paid to its merit by the presence of a brilliant audience.

During the interval of exhibition, the boxes have been painted a lighter blue, and the benches repaired and covered. These are improvements which add to the elegance as well as the convenience of the house.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 23.

VOICE OF NATURE, and COUNTRY HEIRESS. Altered from *Kanbrugh and Cibber*.

The afterpiece of the *Comet* had been advertised, but owing to the indisposition of Mr. Hodgkinson, the *COUNTRY HEIRESS* was substituted in its room.

MAIL WEDDED LOVE! NO. LIBERTY CAN PROVE,
SO SWEET ARE BONDAGE WITH THESE WINE PERSONS.

HARRIETTE.

On Thursday last week, *Mrs. Ezra Sergeant*, to *Miss Nancy Walker*, both of this city.

On Saturday last, at *Bedford*, *Mr. John Gilmour*, merchant of this city, to *Miss Catharine Fordon*, of Long-Island.

On Monday evening, *capt. Philip*, of this city, to *Miss Rebecca Townsend*, of East-Chester.

On Tuesday evening, *Mr. Rufus Greene*, to *Miss Eliza Sherwood*, both of this city.

SCURA EHT.

SMILING KNOB ALL THE



AS FLIES THE DEW BEFORE THE MORNING SUN,
SO FLIES MAN'S HOPES OF HAPPINESS BELOW.

Deaths.

At Philadelphia, *Thomas Wignell*, one of the Managers of the New Theatre of that place.

At Troy, *Brigadier General Moses Hagen*, Aged 69, a distinguished revolutionary officer.

Erratum in our last.

In the 4th Verse of the lines addressed to *C. Osburn*, on the death of his wife, read—

O'er all my fondest hopes a gloomy veil,

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THE LAWYER.

PROFESSIONS will abuse each other,
The Priest won't call the Lawyer brother;
While Salkeld still bequeaths the Parson,
And says he can't keep the face on;
Yet will I readily suppose
They are not truly bitter foes,
But only have their pleasant jokes,
And banter just like other folks?
As thus, for so they quin the Law,
Once on a time in Jaffrey's Town,
A man, to tell you as the fact is,
Of vast chicanes, of course of practice,
(but what profession can we trace
Where some will for the Corps d'garde?
Script, perhaps by malignant men,
Who tempts him to become more than)
A notice had to quit this world,
And from his desk at length was hurld.
Observe, I pray, the plain narration:
'Twas in a hot and dry vacation,
When time he hid, but no assurance,
Tho' great from counts of law the distance
To reach the court of truth and justice;
(Where I confess my only triumph)
The hole below the learned pleader
Shows Jacob ready b'a leader,
Yet his own fame he must support,
Be sometimes witty with the court,
Or work the passions of a jury
By tender stains, or full of fury,
Misleads them all, tho' twelve apostles,
While new law the judge he justis,
And makes them all give up their pow'r
To speeches of at least three hours.
But we have left our little man,
And wander'd from our purposed plan:
'Tis said, (without ill-natured Heaven)
"If ever lawyers get to heaven,
"It surely is by slow degrees!"
(Perhaps 'tis slow they take their fees)
The east then only'll fairly stare,
FLAW reach'd at last to heav'n's highgate;
Quite spent, he rapp'd, none did it nearer,
The gate was open'd by St. Peter,
Who told him, "Friend, when he dies,
All black, the little man islaw;
But charity was Peter's guide,
For, having once himself denied
His Master, he would not b'er pass
The penitent of any other;
Yet, never having heard those enter'd
A lawyer may see one that symm'd
Within the realms of peace and love,
He told him, "Milly, to remove,
And would have clos'd the gate of day,
Had not old Flaw, his suppliant say,
Desiring to so hard zinc,
Begg'd but a look, tho' through the gate;

Unwilling to be thought too hard,
Open'd the gate to let him sleep in;
What did the lawyer? Did he enter,
Or back it out, to turn him away?
Oh, no; he knew his own profession;
He took his hat off with respect,
And would no gentle master neglect;
But finding it was all in vain
For him admittance to obtain,
Thought it wouldn't do somewhat wily,
To gain an entry by his skill;
So while St. Peter stood aside,
To let the door be open'd wide,
He skipp'd his hat with all his strength,
Within the gates, to no small length;
St. Peter star'd; the lawyer ask'd him
Only to fetch his hat, and pass'd him;
But when he reach'd the Jack'd be thrown,
Oh, then was all the lawyer shown,
He stapp'd it on, with such a knock,
(As if he'd been the gallant Beau)
Cry'd out, "What think you of my plan?
ABOUT ME, PETER, IF YOU CAN."

THE BRIDE.

BY SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

HER finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on, which they did bring,
It was too wide a peep;
And to say truth, without it must,
It look'd like the great collar (just)
About our young-est's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the lights;
But, oh! she dances and gay—
No fun upon an Easter day.

Her cheek to rare a white was on,
No dairy makes comparison,
(Who sees them is undone)
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a catherine pear,
(The side that's next the sun.)

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin,
(Some bee had stung it newly);
Her skin, hardly to guard her face, of her
I durst no more upon them gaze—
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break;
That they might passage get;
But she so handles still the matter,
They come as good as ours, or better,
And are spent a whit.

Fire, when it is not strong enough to burn the wood,
blackens it: this is the picture of a slanderer.

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14 down from the Fly-Market, in
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all the day long.

Among all the different,便宜, and
elegant Cosmetics of Smith's, physiology, improved
chemical Milk of Roses, or Beauty's Preservative,
holds the most distinguished rank, and is named at
every toilet-table in America, and, from the great
demand, will soon be so in America. That the
public may no longer be imposed on by the trash under
that name, Smith is determined not to sell any without
his seal and name on the bottle in consequence.

Warranted genuine, or nothing but the money re-
turned. It is likewise of indifferent nature, it
might be used internally, in the application of it,
being truly deserving of the many important reas-
onable merit it hourly merits from the first of families,
owing to its many excellent qualities which it pos-
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It cleans and preserves the most delicate complexion,
keeps the luster of beauty to extreme old age, makes
the reddish and brownish skin fair and white, takes
away wrinkles, plaques, rascles, moles, and
shiny other deformity of the skin. It is exceedingly
fine for gentlemen to use after shaving, as it keeps and
takes off all smarting of the soap, and renders the face
smooth and comfortable. Sold with printed direction,
6s per bottle, small do. at 3.

Ladies that take the
Milk of Roses by the quart will have an abatement.
Smith would just mention, that his original milk of
roses was highly recommended by some of the
gentlemen of the faculty who have taken the trouble to
analyze this wash, and express their wonder that
so innocent would have such an infinitesimal
effect upon the skin.